

T H E
RALLY DALLY;

O R, T H E
Recruiting Serjeant's Frolick,

To which are added,
JOCKEY AND JENNY.
THE MUG OF PORTER.
UNGRATEFUL NANNY.
A FRIENDLY ADVICE.



G L A S G O W,
Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,
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THE RECRUITING SERJEANT'S FROLICK.

TO ITS OWN PROPER TUNE.

If is of a brisk young soldier,
I will tell you the truth,
With my ri fal la, de riddle la de re.
O he was a clever young man
just in his blooming youth,
With my rally dally, &c.

So he now went a recruiting
unto a market town,
With my ri fal, &c.
When all the pretty damsels
came flocking him around,
With my rally dally, &c.

He was quarter'd at a widow's house,
that lived there hard by,
With my ri fal, &c.
Then on an old Knight's daughter
he cast a wishful eye,
With my rally dally, &c.

Now he has dressed himself up
in women's yellow clothes,
With my ri fal, &c.
So enquiring for service to
her father's house he goes,
With my rally dally, &c.

O do you want a servant-maid,
the serjeant then he said.

With my ri fal, &c.

The old man cried. my daughter
now wants a waiting maid;

With my rally dally, &c.

Then quickly he was hired,
the truth I'll not deny,

With my ri fal, &c.

To be his daughter's waiting-maid,
and with her for to lie.

With my rally dally, &c.

Then the supper being over,
they straightway went to bed,

With my ri fal, &c.

Where the waiting-maid play'd his part,
and stole her maidenhead.

With my rally dally, &c.

Good morning my pretty daughter,
pray how are you this morn?

With my ri fal, &c.

never was better pleased
since the hour I was born;

With my rally dally, &c.

have been hug'd, I have been squeez'd,
and now I am content,

With my ri fal, &c.

he is the prettiest waiting-maid
you to me could have sent.

With his rally dally, &c.

O it is the brisk young serjeant,
that has me now beguil'd,

With his ri fal, &c.

Then as sure as he has kil's'd you,
he has got you with child.

With his rally dally, &c.

This couple they were married,
as you the truth shall hear ;

With his ri fal, &c.

And the serjeant now is a Knight
of ten thousand pounds a year.

With his rally dally, &c.



JOCKEY AND JENNY.

'T Was within a mile of Edinburgh town,
in the rosy time of the year,

The flow'rs in bloom, & the grafs was down,
each shepherd woo'd his dear ;

Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,

Kil's'd sweet Jenny making hay,

The lass she blith'd and frowning cry'd,
ah na, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, manna buckle too.

Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
tho' lang he had follow'd the lass,

Contented she earn'd & eat her brown bread,
and merrily torn'd up the grafs :

Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,

Won her heart right merrily,

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cry'd,
no, no, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, manna buckle too.

But when he vow'd he'd make her his bride,
tho' his flocks and herds were not few,
She gave him her hand and a kiss beside,
and vow'd she'd for ever be true;

Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,

Won her heart right merrily,

At church she no more frowning cry'd,

no, no, it winna do,

I canna, canna, winna, manna buckle too.

~~~~~  
THE MUG OF PORTER.

I Spent some change in quest of thee,  
But since we're met, let's both agree;  
For you're the enemy of my purse,  
And makes my coat look much the worse.  
Sing, he'm bo, ho, ho, O!

He'm bo, you are my darling;

He'm bo, oh, oh, O!

You're my dear both night and morning.

The brewer he brew'd you in his pan,

The tapster drew you in his can;

But, as for me, I'll act my part,

I'll hug you close into my heart. Sing, &c.

If all my friends since Adam's days,

Were now assembled in one place,

I'd quit them all without a tear,

Before I'd part with you, my dear. &c.

I'll tell the truth and that's the best,  
I wish I'd never left the breast,  
If my mother had given me such suck,  
As I have here in this brown mug. &c.

But if my wife should thee despise,  
I'll surely leave her two black eyes;  
If she loved me as I love thee,  
What a loving couple we would be! &c.

You're like a prisoner out of jail,  
And from the tap you took leg bail;  
But now I have you; that's the peace,  
My shirt I'll pawn to pay your fees.

Sometimes you make my friends my foes,  
And sometimes make me pawn my clothes;  
But now I have you near my nose,  
Come up, my dear ~~eye~~! down he goes. &c.

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### U N G R A T E F U L N A N N Y.

**D**ID ever swain a nymph adore,  
as I ungrateful Nanny do?  
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,  
or ever broken heart so true?  
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she  
Has never wet a cheek for me.  
If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay  
or linger when she bid me run?  
She only had the word to say,  
and all she wish'd was quickly done,  
I always think of her, but she  
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste,  
 have I not rose by break of day?  
 Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,  
 if Robin in his barn had hay?  
 Tho' to my fields they welcome were,  
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,  
 I cheerfully did give her two;  
 And I her lambs did safely keep,  
 within my folds in frost and snow:  
 Have they not there from cold been free?  
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,  
 'twas I that did her pitchers fill;  
 Full as they were I brought them home;  
 her corn I carried to the mill;  
 My back did bear the sack but she  
 Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry-eats I gave,  
 I'm sure they always had the best;  
 Within this week her pigeons have  
 eat up a peck of pease at least.  
 Her little pigeons kiss, but she  
 Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,  
 and Nanny still on Robin frown,  
 alas! poor wretch! what shall I do,  
 if Nanny does not love me soon!  
 No relief to me she'll bring,  
 I'll hang me in her apron-string.



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A FRIENDLY ADVICE.

**M**ORTALS, wisely learn to measure  
Life, by the extent of joy ;  
Life's a short and fleeting pleasure :  
Then be gay,  
While you may,  
And your hours in mirth employ.  
Never let a mistress pain you,  
Tho' she meets you with a frown ;  
Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,  
Cheer thy heart,  
And all smart  
In a sweet oblivion drown.  
If love's fiercer flames should seize you,  
To some gentle maid repair ;  
She'll with soft endearments ease you ;  
On her breast,  
Lull'd to rest,  
Eas'd of love, and free from care.  
Friendship, love, and wine united,  
From all ills defend the mind ;  
By them guarded and delighted ;  
Happy state,  
Smile at fate,  
And give sorrows to the wind.

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